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NOTABLE TURNED NARODNIK

ALAIN SILVERA: *Daniel Halévy and his Times*. 251pp. Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £2 12s. 6d.

Daniel Halévy was the son of a great Jewish noble dynasty, almost totally assimilated by blood and training to the *grande bourgeoisie* of the Orleanist tradition. He was also marked by the intellectual and artistic tastes and traditions of his paternal family that made him the equivalent of a Boston Brahmin (or the secularized representative of a great rabbinical dynasty—an appropriate genealogy for a family whose founder had chosen the great rabbinical name of Halévy). But Daniel Halévy was also a man seeking roots. He wanted to acquire "la terre et les morts" and he was never certain that he had found them. He was, in his own mind, a *métèque*, less because of his highly diluted Jewish ancestry than because he had no *pays*. Paris was too vast; Jouy-en-Josas too "exurban" to borrow a useful American term. So it was natural that he should over-estimate the importance of Barrès and become the disciple of the prophet Péguy, who had his roots in Orleans and could walk to Chartres as one going back to his *pays natal*.

There was the *vieille France* which Daniel Halévy could yearn for. He could stretch out his hand "ripée ulteriores amore", but he could never quite feel at home. In a way, his search for French roots recalls the search made by Lewis Namier, although Halévy was, of course, a Frenchman in a sense that Namier had not been a Pole and could not become an Englishman. It is the implied premise of Professor Silvera's admirably intelligent book that some of the weaknesses of Daniel Halévy came from his sense of incomplete

acceptance (there were no visible signs of this discomfort in the life of his elder and greater brother, Elié). This discomfort accounted for some false starts and for an impression of wasted talents.

Thus Halévy devoted much time and effort to the *universités populaires* that were launched with so much froth and fuss in the hopeful years of the victory of truth in "l'Affaire", yet proved, in the not very long run, so much less effective than our Workers Education Association. That was one bitter disillusionment. Another was the love affair with "les paysans du centre" in "red" departments like the Allier. Yet the preaching and practice of Ernest Guillaumin could not alter the fact that the traditional peasantry was dying, that the new industrial society was sucking the poor peasants into the city, making them more content to be poor *mécaniciens* than miserable *propriétaires*. In part, the illusion of Guillaumin (and Halévy) was the old Virgilian one:

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint Agricolas

—a good fortune better seen from outside than felt inside.

The real role in which Halévy cast himself has no good title in English or French. It has in Russian, for he was a *narodnik*. But for all his rough clothes, his physical toughness, his admiration for the peasant way of life, Halévy had no more succeeded in "going to the people" than had the Russian *narodniki* of the previous generation and the peasants of "le Centre" no more accepted him than the Russian peasants in Anna Karenina accepted Levin because he tried to help them to cut the hay.

The devotion that Halévy showed for Péguy was partly admiration for genius, if awkward genius, partly for a toughness of character that could be initiated but not really reproduced, and partly for a man whose irreverence for the Ecole Normale and its star products could not come easily to one who was himself a scholar, a child of the Quai de Conti. Yet, as Professor Silvera rightly insists, Halévy not only served the *Cahiers de la Quinzaine* faithfully but also successfully. His *Apologie pour notre passé* is a necessary commentary on Péguy's too dogmatic declamation of the moral aspects of "l'Affaire". Halévy was himself an editor of less genius but of more skill than was Péguy.

He was an original historian. His slim volumes do not compare well in bulk or learning with his brother's massive English history nor do his essays in political analysis and polemic compare on equal terms with Elié's great book on philosophical radicalism. But Daniel's works on the origins of the Third Republic are original and highly intelligent as well as useful. Halévy was a *notable* by ancestry and education. He failed to rejoice, although with some hesitation, in the *fin des notables*. He probably preferred *la république des deux* to *la république des camarades* (for *professeurs*). After all, what French Prime Minister since the Revolution was so representative an intellectual as Duc Albert de Broglie? The Third Republic became less and less edifying. That thought may have provoked Halévy's defence of Taine that incited such a

levée des bouilliers by the *Sarbanandans*—under the eye of Pictet Geyl—who thought that was something to be said if not for Taine.

The war, the defeat, encephalitis, all much more shameful, prevent to press the body listed in her will as militarily, than the glossary as the W.V.S. has become 1870, confirmed Halévy in the W.V.S. And before very long miasm and scepticism, the *Dr. Brooks's Family Planning Bill*, more in the *révolution nationale* on its way through the House a mere reactionary episode of Commons, may have extended the disaster. After all, what change of free treatment under the for a regime that had offered national health service. And who natives Edouard Daladier knows what may have happened to Laval? (Halévy says, "family Allowances"? Mrs. Willmott there was more to be said, must have felt, while compiling this than for Daladier. Laval, as though she were playing all, a "paysan du centre" croquet with Alice in Wonderland. Fourth Republic did not when balls walked away as soon as much more. Although the *haléviens* were under control and hoops in-law, M. Louis Joxe, name and went. Of course this applies one of the closest colleagues in varying degrees to most books on General de Gaulle, Halévy's social administration, though, with the first years after the special force to those which, like the rather *ad hoc*, he was close, information intended to be both Institut but not to the Académie, and he is commemorated in the learned and intelligent book, and he is commemorated in a sense, an *apologie pour* such as Halévy, in his old, kept it up to date by a succession of revised editions. When that happens, two suggestions might be claus up to her death, worthy of her consideration. One is a reviewer of French for this journal and another of the *Montmartre painters* of the mentioned. After all, the street and a museum named after him and was admired by Henry But this is a book worthy of understanding and being have appealed to Daniel Halévy.

ON THE STATE

HYLLIS WILLMOTT: *Consumer's Guide to the British Social Services*. 287pp. Penguin. 6s.

and not for another. This often causes misunderstanding when a patient does not make absolutely clear to the dentist that he regards himself as a National Health patient, or when the dentist does not make clear to the patient that though the law allows him to do such work under the National Health Service he personally is not prepared to do it.

When Mrs. Willmott has given us so much useful information it seems invidious to ask for more; but her

OFF THE STREETS

MARY BLANDY: *Razor Edge*. 207pp. Gollancz. 30s.

It must have been a formidable task to find and maintain a Youth Club in the dark days of 1959. At that time, before the *Albion* Report, the Youth service was a poor relation within the welfare state—the pop boom which did much to make adults aware of the doings and needs of youth, had not yet happened. Mrs. Blandy and her associates had to cope with inadequate premises and resources, a rapid staff turnover and hostility from both neighbours and parents. For these reasons membership was inclined to fall off occasionally. And there was always a certain amount of antagonism among the various elements that made up the membership. Sometimes there were fights and sometimes the club was broken into during the night. But the organizers never gave up and somehow they managed to keep the club going.

Mrs. Blandy tells her story chatily, almost as though she were writing a diary. All the amusing or embarrassing incidents are catalogued day to day and word for word. And they illustrate a process of learning how to run the club. Sometimes discipline is strong, sometimes it is lax; sometimes the kids are responsive, sometimes they are aggressive and destructive. The organizers learn

gradually just how active or permissive they can allow themselves to be. They are feeling their way and the tension this generates can be summed up in a phrase Mrs. Blandy herself quotes from the *Albion* Report as "walking on a razor edge between sympathy and surrender".

But the objectives of the venture are never really made clear. Mrs. Blandy begins by saying that Youth Clubs "exist basically to get young people off the streets. They have many other objectives as well, but getting young people off the streets is, even today, their primary purpose". But the phrase sounds dated and irrelevant today. A good Youth Club must surely have some more positive function than acting as a preventative. Similarly, the epithet "unclubbable" (applied to a person) sounds crude and offensive. The implications behind these terms are that teenagers should be organized, kept busy, and that so long as they are engaged in some sort of activity, we should not carp by questioning the value of that activity. It is, of course, entirely to Mrs. Blandy's credit that she achieved anything at all, but it would be nice to know how she herself would define that achievement in relation to the ultimate aim of the club.

PROGRESSIVE (?) EDUCATION

JOHN DEWEY: *Selected Educational Writings*. With an introduction and commentary by F. W. Garforth. 334pp. Heinemann. 21s.

John Dewey had one of the most unfortunate prose styles that it is possible to have. It seems as though each sentence, each paragraph, is the same length as the last, though in fact they are not; almost every word is abstract. This inability to say anything concrete or precise mirrors the cotton-wool mind; and the irony of it all is made the greater by Dewey's concern with empiricism, with things rather than ideas, with the concrete rather than the general.

That having been said, this selection of his educational writings is a useful collection for people interested in education to have on their shelves, even if they have the dozen or so books by which Dewey is to be remembered, for it provides in a little space the main outlines of his thought. Mr. Garforth's introduction is lucid and interesting, and puts Dewey's educational ideas into context very well.

The major task of assessing Dewey's contribution to the American common school, and to schools throughout the world, has only just begun. The present collection is a statement of where such an investigation might take us. It is thus unfortunate that the editor should begin by putting a view from which it is easy to dissent.

The study of education is prone to two dangers: an excessive preoccupation with empirical investigation, and the isolation of educational theory from the human context in which all education takes place. From the former springs a conception of educational studies as purely concerned with the accumulation of facts, from the latter an over-simplification of the relevant issues.

The study of education, lacking, it is a firm footing in the studies from which the tools of investigation are taken—history, psychology, the social sciences generally. There is also a lack of minds adequately equipped, by nature or nurture, to undertake investigations of some significance. It is presumably no accident that even the leading departments and schools of education, in the United States and in England, find it necessary to appoint people with the adjective "Educational" before psychology, sociology and so on; people who, sometimes, would

find themselves hard put to it to hold down a job in proper departments of their own subject. This results in the low standing of some schools and departments.

It is a misconception to think that education is a subject; it is an area of discourse, a collection of situations for analysis, no different in kind from the other problems that specialists examine. The isolation of education from the major disciplines has had disastrous effects on the study of education, and quite possibly on the schools themselves.

One symptom of this was the elevation of Dewey to an intellectual position he could not possibly aspire to. As a philosopher, he is nowhere. As a propagandist, however, he had considerable influence in the sense that his influence was widespread in the United States through the progressive education movement and through the willingness of the United States school system to experiment on a very large scale with the vast number of new people who came into secondary education at about the turn of the century and for the next forty years to period corresponding as it were to the period 1940 to 1980 in the United Kingdom. From that point of view the appendix on the University Elementary School, Chicago, taken from a report prepared by the Board of Education and published in 1902, is of great interest and value, since it gives the basis of this movement.

MODS

Modernization: The Dynamics of Growth. Edited by Myron Weiner. 355pp. Basic Books. 35s.

The main purpose of this symposium is to define "modernization" and to discuss the methods by which it may be promoted. That definition proves elusive does not, perhaps, matter very much, since the reader can generally recognize a "modern" society when he sees one, particularly if he has travelled widely enough to be able to contrast it with a non-modern or transitional society. That the mechanics of modernization remain wrapped in mystery, despite the efforts of the very distinguished writers in this book, is something which may be of greater concern.

In his general introduction, Professor Weiner finds that, in the last resort, he is at a loss for an answer to the fundamental questions "How do men develop modern skills and attitudes? How does a society, an economy, and a polity become modern? And which comes first: modern men or modern institutions?" He concludes that until scholars have developed the "intellectual tools" capable of indicating priorities, "political leaders will have to trust to their own judgment and instincts to decide what is the appropriate strategy for their own society". It is tempting, however, to suggest that the search for these esoteric "intellectual tools" may well be a wild goose chase, in

which the moment of tracking down the quarry is indefinitely delayed. It is also arguable that there are many positions that may be usefully occupied somewhere between an elusive scientific certainty and an unstructured reliance on "judgment and instinct". The sociologist or historian is not necessarily disabled from "discovering" clues to the modernization of a particular society just because he has failed to discover the "probably non-existent" secret of "modernization in general".

Indeed, Professor Weiner himself, in his excellent studies of India, has proved an able clue-finder; and the essays now published under his editorship are probably rather more helpful than he is disposed to allow. Most of the paths that may be hopelessly explored are here indicated, and the fact that they often seem to lead in different directions is not, in the present state of "modernization" studies, of any great consequence. Each writer explains his own distinctive approach in simple, non-technical language, suitable for the radio audience at which the exposition was originally directed. This is not only good popularization; it will be of use to the scholar engaged in one of his periodical intellectual stocktakings.

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KEEPER OF THE GREAT WARDROBE

BETTY KEMP: *Sir Francis Dashwood. An Eighteenth-century Independent*. 210pp. Macmillan. 37s. 6d.

Although Dashwood sat in one House or the other of Parliament for forty years, did a number of interesting things and is a familiar name to anyone with even a nodding acquaintance with eighteenth-century history, no substantial study of him until Miss Kemp's has been attempted. Wilkes's sneers on the country club at Medmenham; the joke about a Chancellor of the Exchequer to whom "a sum of five figures was an impenetrable secret"; the caves at West Wycombe; the spectacle of Lord North's Joint Postmaster General enlisting Benjamin Franklin on a private project of liturgical reform; all these might have suggested that here was a lively, possibly misunderstood character whose connected story would be worth bringing to careful account.

Miss Kemp enters the lists as a strong champion of Dashwood's competence, high political principles, respectability, and general social usefulness. One of her difficulties in giving a more rounded and satisfying biography than she does is that the Dashwood manuscripts now deposited in the Bodleian are somewhat deficient in respect of Sir Francis's personal life. But her main trouble is subordination of the career she describes to a constitutional outlook which she ascribes to Dashwood and calls "independence".

Namier, in a celebrated essay, described the role and significance of the independent country gentleman in Parliament, and pointed out that while independence allowed disinterested criticism, the normal posture of the country gentleman was one of support for the King's Government. Indeed it could be said that without that support no eighteenth-century

Her determination to show how independent Dashwood was brings Miss Kemp perilously near to partiality: in asserting, for instance, that there was no political affiliation between Bute, Dashwood, and Dodington in 1760; in ascribing Dashwood's decision to take office under Bute exclusively to a belief "that the new king was different from the old" (in what significant sense is not stated); and in speculating ("no doubt" is the phrase used) that his quitting office when Bute did so was due to Bute's reluctance to suggest his transfer from the Chancellorship to any other post. Any explanation of a political move

after the Fronde that a conspirator's lot is more exciting than rewarding, and it contains obvious reflections of his own sympathies.

The version generally available today is the posthumous revision of 1682, and this new edition, based on that of 1665, with copious manuscript variants, is very welcome. It has a useful introduction and notes (in French), and is produced with an elegance worthy of Retz himself.

by Dashwood that is not high-minded (if sometimes also half-baked) is excluded.

Independence implies a steady course of conduct. Dashwood's career, taken as a whole, suggests the maverick rather than the independent; he seems to have wanted power, but he did not work effectively as a member of a team, whether in or out of office. His other activities have a similar, slightly freakish character: the pillar built on a heath in Lincolnshire and surrounded with a pleasure garden; the classical church on its green hill at West Wycombe, surmounted by a golden ball and flanked by a hexagonal mausoleum commemorating Dodington; the ceremonial interment of Paul Whitehead's heart—all these, however

explained individually, suggest a certain waywardness taken to the limit. The attempt to turn Dashwood into a Savile or a Newdigate will convince.

And yet he was clearly not just a rake and a buffoon. His best art was genuine and as he undoubtedly saw his career in terms of public as well as personal advancement. Miss Kemp somewhat overstates his importance and overstates what one suspects was a complex character, redressed by a pity that her book should be written in the rather flat yet unstyle which has become common academic work in what is now the dustbin of English public history.

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THE MAKING OF A DICTATOR—1

RENZO DE FELICE: *Mussolini il fascista*. 1. La conquista del potere 1921-1925. 800pp. Turin: Einaudi, 1.6.000.

This is the second of Dr. De Felice's five volumes on Mussolini which seem likely to comprise the definitive biography for at any rate a long time to come. The sources used include the state and Foreign Office archives, the press and all available private correspondence such as that between Turati and Anna Kulishoff; the reports of the prefects are rightly quoted a great deal. As Dr. De Felice points out, the only serious gap is caused by the inaccessibility of the Vatican archives.

The reader is struck afresh and more emphatically by the immobility of the Italian politicians between the end of the war and October, 1922, indeed until Mussolini really did seize power on January 3, 1925. All along Giolitti seemed to think that he had only, as in the past, to choose the moment of his return to power when he would "transform" any new political elements into integrated members of the liberal state. Salandra and Orlando, too, expected to be called back to power at any time and the others seemed content to wait on these veterans. In 1922 Facta was supposed to be holding the fort for Giolitti but Dr. De Felice finds evidence to show that Facta would not have been averse to continuing to hold power in his own right. Only Sforza saw clearly nearly all the time.

In a sense, and certainly in the early phases, Mussolini seemed to be the greatest of all the transformers since 1876, *transformismo* being a process of absorption and adaptation of any new challenge. His pact with Giolitti before the elections of May, 1921, was characteristic; Giolitti was the man responsible for ejecting D'Annunzio from Fiume by force, and D'Annunzio was the favourite hero of the rural Fascists. Yet Mussolini thought an electoral alliance with Giolitti worthwhile in order to get his first thirty-five Fascist deputies into the Chamber. In August of

the same year he went further and signed the "pact of pacification" with the Socialists and trade unions, calling off all kinds of violence between them; when there were Fascist protests Mussolini resigned his position in the Fascist Party to show that he was indispensable, and was brought back. Even in 1922 he behaved with great caution and never committed himself to violent action: the "March on Rome" was only a threat when the King asked Mussolini to form a government, a coalition which looked very like another dose of *transformismo*. By way of special preparation Mussolini had announced in a speech at Udine on September 20 that the Fascists must have the courage to be Monarchists; he had also taken steps to placate the Freemasons, both kinds of them. Strangest of all perhaps, his economic policy was suggested and proved to be more liberal than that of Giolitti; this pleased the industrialists.

The electoral law named after Acerbo was bound to provide a Fascist majority, reinforced as it was by much Fascist violence in the election campaign of spring 1924. The Popular and the Republican Party were Mussolini's most implacable enemies. The Republicans were too few for him to care about and they actually gained votes in April 1924. The Popular were, however, beaten up and routed to the satisfaction of many big landowners who feared their demand for land reform. The outrages of the election campaign notwithstanding, Mussolini hoped to draw in some support from the Socialists. In the Chamber Dr. De Felice shows that Matteotti's great speech of May 30 in the new Chamber was not really aimed at the invalidation of the election, as the speaker said, but to prevent Socialist concessions to Mussolini. But then came the murder of Matteotti on June 10 and for all but six months Mussolini seemed

on the verge of ruin, the possibility of his being tried for the murder was not ruled out. He himself was dismayed. One cannot help thinking how Hitler ten years later, having had between seventy and eighty people murdered in Germany, declared that his will had the force of law and grasped more power immediately.

Dr. De Felice makes a strong case against the Italian monarchy. For all their demonstrations and violence the Fascists would have been lost if the Italian Army had moved against them in October, 1922. The state of siege decided upon by the cabinet was called off at the last moment on the morning of October 28 by the King alone against the advice of his Ministers. Dr. De Felice does not attribute overwhelming influence to the King's cousin, the Duke of Aosta, or to Victor Emmanuel's fear that the Fascists might put Aosta on the throne; rather he judges that the King's natural caution combined with the knowledge that the cabinet was half-hearted and the army leaders no less so. It is, however, after Matteotti's murder that the King's failure to dismiss Mussolini is more difficult to explain. He was certainly much influenced by the suspicion that the anti-Fascist opposition which had withdrawn from the Chamber to the "Aventine" was republican. This was the kind of vicious circle from which Mussolini always knew how to profit, for the longer the King did nothing the more the Aventine opposition turned against the Monarchy.

At last in July, 1924, the moderate Socialists under Turati were reconciled with the Populars led, since Sturzo's resignation and exile, by De Gasperi; the fateful delay in this reconciliation is one of the reasons behind the formation of the Centre-Left government in Italy today. Yet, as in 1922, the Vatican encouraged

Mussolini, and it was Casper's response to when the first four sections of Mr. Matteotti's death were published more than five months after the murder was clear that, besides more absorption and upbarking upon a completely original and highly ambitious undertaking, the elimination of a man who had found a mode and a form power as proclaimed exactly suited his wayward, brilliant Chamber on language and plethoric talent for verbal Now came the manipulation. Mr. Toynbee is a self-styled and a real one, a diligent writer who makes no concession to preserve some critics have suggested, that with the Vatican, he is extending work is intended to do this because he has made any sort of "breakthrough" victims, not even real ones.

In his fifth chapter Mr. Toynbee is entirely subtle. The Felice devotes himself originally set out to do was the man's personality, present, exactly as they would emerge as a brilliant success, the pattern of memory in no principles and no amount of a very old man, looking back at his personal success in his life and tracing the growth of his personality from the standpoint of the year 1925.

Dr. De Felice's point, through the first four sections, fair and scholarly, and it is to Norway that he has returned to the details of his life, to his old age, to pour out wish to miss there is a certain reminiscence and reflections in a new about this work, a young Norwegian student at an American university, which figures so prominently in the work. In the first four days of his life, he represents one day of the old man's What is to be done, he maintains a consistent mode of of names, with undifferentiated verse narrative, description and numbers and therefore reflection, intersected at intervals by passages of "corrective" proof. This method allows the author the utmost licence in ranging backwards and forwards in time, in order to re-illuminate

THE MAKING OF A DICTATOR—2

WERNER MASER: *Die Frühgeschichte der NSDAP: Hitlers Weg bis 1924*. Frankfurt: Athenäum Verlag. DM.30. Hitler's Mein Kampf. Munich: Beckte Verlag. DM.26.

The early history of the National Socialist party, as much as the early history of its leader, are topics which in the existing biographies of Hitler have received short shrift. Hence one always welcomes studies which help to elucidate the history of NSDAP before 1924 in general and Hitler's early life in particular.

Of course, much has been done in recent years. Ernst Deuerlein and Hans Hubert Hoffmann especially have written extremely thorough studies of the background and the origins of the Munich *putsch* of 1923. They differ from one another in their estimate of Hitler's position among Munich's right-wing extremists and both seem unconcerned about the extent to which the events of November 8 and 9, 1923, were a panic action by Hitler, dictated by the fear that both party and storm-troopers were slipping out of his hands and into the control of some of his more moderately inclined rivals in other nationalist organizations.

Nor does Werner Maser in his *Frühgeschichte der NSDAP: Hitlers Weg bis 1924* add much to this question or any other question associated with the history of the Nazi party. Herr Maser in fact relies, for his main theme, on pioneer work already done by Ernst Deuerlein and Hans Hubert Hoffmann or by Georg Franz-Willing and Heinrich Benecke. The mass of archival material used only substantiates the conclusions reached some years ago. Although the book consists mainly of material known already to those with a special interest in the period, it nevertheless contains important new information on Hitler's youth.

Herr Maser makes a substantial case that Hitler's biographers, such as Konrad Heiden, Rudolf Olden and Alvin Bullock, have relied too much on Hitler's own evidence in *Mein Kampf* and upon diverse sources of doubtful character such as for instance Josef Greiner or the gossip of the vagabond Reinhold Hanisch. The poverty-stricken youth, the vagrant and inhabitant of doss-houses, living hand to mouth, the labourer on a Vienna building site, all these are in part Hitler's own inventions which his biographers have appropriated. In reality, as documented by Herr Maser, Hitler's

monthly income during his stay in Vienna and later in Munich up to 1914 was greater than that of a primary school teacher during his first five years of service and three-quarters of that which Mussolini earned in 1909 as secretary of the trade union council of Trento and editor of the *Avenire del Lavoratore*. As late as 1911 Hitler was able to relinquish his orphan pension to his younger sister Paula.

Hitler's sojourn in Vienna doss-houses is another myth dispelled by Herr Maser. Apparently he stayed in one only once for a very short period in order to avoid being called up for military service in Austria-Hungary. These, of course, are small details taking up only part of the book, but Herr Maser's meticulous effort has yielded a reasonably reliable picture of Hitler's early youth and his years in Vienna and pre-war Munich. The assimilation of much recent research on the early history of the NSDAP into one work will save the interested reader from having to plough through an immense number of monographs.

It is therefore unfortunate that a very large part of Herr Maser's second work under review, *Hitler's Mein Kampf*, should contain little more than a repetition of the conclusions of the work just discussed. In addition there are Herr Maser's well supported theories on the structure and the style of *Mein Kampf*, all of them perhaps interesting, yet so far as the total picture of Hitler goes, of no great importance.

Half the book is given to extensive quotations from *Mein Kampf*, accompanied by Herr Maser's own commentary. This does not make *Mein Kampf* any more readable and anyone who really wants to read it will read the original. Moreover, Herr Maser's detailed attempt to establish lines between Hitler's theories in 1924 and the policy he later followed. For instance, Herr Maser's treatment of chapter four, *Mein Kampf* ignores all the passages which in practice he contradicted. It is easy to quote views from *Mein Kampf* which after 1933 Hitler would hardly have supported. The fact that none of those accused of

complicity in the events of July 20, 1944, ever quoted to the court Hitler's own views on the justification of tyrannicide simply shows that they shared with most of their contemporaries an ignorance of *Mein Kampf*.

Herr Maser's own contribution in his analysis of *Mein Kampf* is relatively small and does not justify the length of his book. What he in fact has to say could have been concentrated into an article for a learned journal. Nevertheless, he has helped to fill in some important gaps in our knowledge. It is a pity that, especially in his second work, he did not really explore Hitler's intellectual roots, for instance along lines probed by Ernst Nolte in his *Three Faces of Fascism*, or P. E. Schramm in his introduction to the German edition of *Hitler's Table Talk*. After all, the dismissal

of Hitler's philosophy as the philosophy of the "doss-house" from being, as Herr Maser has shown, factually incorrect. The Journal of the History of Industry and Technology. Lively quarterly. One issue 10s 6d or 6s 6d. Annual subscription 42s. Edited by KENNETH HUDSON

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THE VAULTS OF AMBITION

HILIP TOYNBEE: *A Learned City*. Windus, 18s.

The Sixth Day of the Valediction of Pantaloon. 106pp. Chatto and

the same scene or episode from different angles or under different lights.

In the fifth day of this narration, published some two years later under the title *Two Brothers*, the author sends Dick Abberville, in the company of his elder brother Andrew, on a sort of Grand Tour of Europe. For this purpose he adopts a new style of continuous narrative in a stanza form of his own devising, which gives to this section a tauter consistency and a more pronounced objectivity in observation of the Europe of the early 1930s than was evident in the earlier sections. It ends with a very powerful and moving evocation of Andrew's death by his own hand, in self-imposed disgrace while serving at the British Embassy in Egypt.

In this, the latest volume (the sixth day) young Abberville is an undergraduate at Oxford, still seeking popularity in all directions. "Wearing the gaudy livery of every passing company". But again the focus has shifted. Old Abberville intervenes but three times in *propria persona*; his reminiscences and imaginings of Oxford in the middle and late 1940s are translated through the minds of himself when young, and his maternal grandfather, now unwieldily retired, howling his obligations and imprecations like some Old Testament prophet over the decadent city and his despised offspring. These two voices maintain a subtly contrived antiphony, the one in unmodulated *homo profunde* of denunciation and doom, ending in a deafening crescendo of monotonous calling down man's curses upon all concerned; the other, as bellis the mercurial character of Mr. Toynbee's

protagonist, in a freewheeling display of pastiche and literary echoes. But with all this ingenuity there is no development. Young Abberville goes out from Oxford much as he came in, except for an exchange of mistresses and a more haunting sense of guilt. Any thread of narrative has disappeared into obliquity and cross-reference. The verbal play, though brilliant at times, often seems weary and pointless. There is all too much invocation and imprecation, a gush of words without evident significance.

If Mr. Toynbee is intending to convey by this confusion that his ancient reminiscer is getting tired, and that in the mind of a very old man the very earliest memories of childhood and youth are more easily and vividly recalled than those of post-adolescence, he is probably theoretically correct. But in this section at least the weight of the matter fails to sustain the interest and intricacy of the form, and Mr. Toynbee asks too much of the reader's persistence and ingenuity in tracing his cross-references, without an appreciation of which, much of this volume, and most of the subsidiary characters, remain ghostly or meaningless.

Up to date, this work seems to resemble an elaborate stained-glass window blown into fragments by the great diapason of a too powerful organ, but which devotion and persistence can reassemble into brilliant sections of the main design. It remains to be seen whether subsequent volumes will provide a frame, into which all the spare fragments, at present obscure, can be fitted.

EXOTIC NORTHUMBRIA

BASIL BUNTING: *Briggflatts*. 47pp. Fulcrum Press. 10s.EDWARD BRATHWAITE: *Rights of Passage*. 86pp. Oxford University Press. 21s.ALAN BROWNJOHN: *The Lion's Mouths*. 54pp. Macmillan. 18s.ANTHONY NAUMANN: *Now Has My Summer*. 45pp. Collins. 13s. 6d.

The two long poems, by Basil Bunting and Edward Brathwaite, remind one of the difficulty of all long poems: how to control pace, mood and matter consistently enough to hold the reader's attention. *The Furze Queen* has substantial acreages of plodding, but one keeps on because the strict pattern of the stanzas acts as a series of footholds into which one wearily steps. *The Prelude* ambles along as one reads because of the oddly hypnotic tone of Wordsworth's voice, laying down the metre like railway sleepers. No modern poet writing a long poem can bank on such received form answering his needs, so one tends to get sequences, episodes, with loosely correlated and variegated parts.

Briggflatts is hedged by called "An Autobiography" by Mr. Bunting. "But not a record of fact". Its five parts, with a coda, move through widely different places and times, and are pegged down only by Mr. Bunting's aggressively Northumbrian voice. It is, whether one likes it or not, a recognizable voice, gritty, smarting, peevish rather than tough or heroically aloof. It has something in common with Ezra Pound's and in *Briggflatts* Mr. Bunting shares with Pound a wide-ranging reference, a concern with music, a love of elegant, exact, colloquial, and persuasive. There are some smaller poems of observation, too, such as "Trio" and "A Sunday Breakdown", which have the deft rightness of good anecdotes.

Anthony Naumann's poems seem the work of a gifted but limited amateur. The limitations, one feels, have little to do with the fact of his blindness; the last, his sight in action during the North African campaign, but are much more the result of the baleful influence of indigestible Dylan Thomas on the concerns of a generally minor-Georgian sensibility. There is a crude bonality about Mr. Naumann's confrontations with "modern life"; for example in "The Slot Machine" (text) and "The Young in Purple Heart" (teenagers), and he seems happier with quieter traditional subjects, where he is lyrical though never striking.

UNFETTERED, UNFREE

Sung of Lawino. A Lament by Okot p'Bitek. 216pp. Nairobi: East African Publishing House. 8.50shs.

Out of the grasslands of Northern Uganda comes a new voice in African poetry. It is a voice whose innate sophistication is controlled by compassion and understanding, so that the poet can quite simply lend it to an illiterate woman whose circle of life is otherwise confined to the village well and the dancing arena. Mr. Okot's Lawino sings with passion, humour and bitter mockery about a dilemma which confronts thousands of African women today. Her husband, Ocol, who wooed and married her with all the uncomplicated enthusiasm of a village swain for the local beauty, has dropped her in order to embrace the values, tastes and social customs of the west. For him, some of these are personified in his new mistress, Clementina, with her English name, straightened hair, lipstick, and precarious stiletto heels:

Her lips are red-hot like glowing charcoal. She resembles the wild cat. That has dipped its mouth in blood. Her mouth is like raw yaws. It looks like an open ulcer. Like the mouth of a dead man. Tina dust, powder on her face. And it looks so pale. She resembles the wizard teething ready for the midnight dance.

As Lawino sings, in movement after movement we see her people leaping into the dance or the hunt, returning from the pasture with flocks and herds, moving early in the morning to the millet field, the market or the funeral. The whole ancient pattern of Acchi rural life, so rich in event and significant ritual, is re-created by her with love and undeviating fidelity. Skulking upon the fringes of all this richness and freedom of life is her husband with his new sweetheart; ashamed of his blackness, his people in the old homestead, rejecting all that has made him in order to become "the dog of the white man".

Ocol's voice we do not hear in the poem, but then we have heard it so often before, endlessly in search of

the "decent", quoted with approval by westernizing foreigners and by progressives of every time. It is Lawino's voice that we need to hear, reminding us of the human reality behind glib rejections of the backward, the primitive, the "bush people". Her crime is fidelity to a way of life in which she grew up and in which she passionately believes. For this she is to be cast off and despised by the very man who shared that life with her and claimed her as a lover at the height of her youthful energy and beauty:

When Ocol was wooing me My breasts were erect. And they shook. And I walked briskly. And as I walked I threw my long neck. This way and that way. Like the flower of the *lyoma* lily in a gentle breeze.

Mr. Okot's poem was originally composed in Luo, the language of the Acchi people. Much of its imagery is rooted in their traditional songs of love, war, victory and death. In rewriting his poem in English he has chosen a strong, simple idiom which preserves the sharpness and frankness of this imagery, a structure of short, free verses which flow swiftly and easily, and an uncondescending offer of all that is local and specific in the original (do we need the biological name of the *lyoma* lily when the poet has so vividly evoked it for us?). Inevitably lost is the pattern of rhyme, assurance and tonal variation offered by the vernacular. In the poet's own words, he has "clipped a bit of the eagle's wings". But what survives is enough to offer one of the most varied and exciting contributions yet made to English poetry in Africa.

The index to *The Times Literary Supplement* for 1960 is now published at 10s. post free. Orders should be addressed to the Publisher, *The Times*, Printing House Square, London, E.C.4.

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COLLINS

JAMES THOMSON'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

Published by J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd (Lyon)

1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

The Doom of a City, where the petrification, never arising from Thomson's almost visceral identification with the city, is based not so much on an Arabian Nights atmosphere as on the fact that neither its poetry nor its subject-matter is born of Thomson's own maturity. But *The City* itself, in *Symphonic Fantastique*, "translates" into words—can be said now to have been born at all; never revealed, objectified. Its darkness, its terrifying wonder, its tortured, tortured, mutant creatures, seem caught in perpetual travail within the mind of their creator, with only occasional phantasms projected outwardly.

played by Jeanne Moreau? The film has created heroes (James, Cybulski, Vitti) and Moreau in a manner very different from that of the novel, the hero of a film being very often and perhaps quite legitimately much more the actor than the character he is playing: Antonioni's alienated hero is not a Meursault or a Roquentin, but quite simply Jean Vitti. On the other hand the cinema has no easy equivalent to the subjectivist characterization of the novel, where a character such as

chooses rather exemplify the extent to which the cinema has fastened on to the signs and stereotypes of our civilization. Recent French films (*Le Bonheur*, *Un Homme et une femme*) have, with great precision, reflected the affluent bourgeois culture of Gaullist France, the epoch of the *moi-même*, reproducing its material properties, visually quoting advertisements, strip cartoons, glossy magazines, &c. Recent British films have done the same for swinging London and such of its goddesses as Modesty

near nine years. No wonder, given his genius for language, that it is such a miracle of English prose, which, I think, is its chief virtue. He worked on it as one on a patchwork quilt: every sniplet of colour or serendipity out-of-the-way knowledge that he found in his reading the was always wanting me to send him old copies of *The Dial* and *Criterion* was tucked in to enrich it, and so it grew, or perhaps, more accurately, the novel was already substantially there in July, 1937.

Well, I can imagine him roaring with laughter about all this in his Rippey young grave in Swines, and in this I join him. For to have manufactured

Mr. J. J. Wolfe, a misapprehension which could arise from your review of my book, *Political Representation in England and the Origins of the American Republic* (TLC February 2, 1967). Your reviewer states that I include a detailed examination of the pulling habits of all England counties. The New England counties and divisions, of course, are not counties, but towns. As I have devoted a chapter to the Massachusetts Town I hope the point will not be lost on other readers.

J. R. POLE,
Churchill College, Cambridge.

(Other letters are on page 136)

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TREASURE ISLANDS

HUGH EDWARDS: *Islands of Angry Ghosts*. 207pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.

The Dutch East Indian, Batavia, struck a reef in the Abrolhos group, off what is now Western Australia, just before dawn on a June morning in 1629. Two days later the commander, Francesco Pelsaert, sailed to Batavia for help in the ship's yawl. He got back to the wreck in the yacht Saardam three months later to find that a mutiny had taken place in his absence. A group of some twenty malcontents, led by the second ranking officer on the expedition, Jeronimus Cornielisz, had murdered 125 of the survivors, including twelve women and seven children. Five girls survived by becoming concubines to the mutineers.

Cornielisz and his men nearly captured the Saardam but failed because a group of loyal soldiers was able to warn Pelsaert in time. The mutineers surrendered. Pelsaert tried and hanged seven of them, including Cornielisz. Two others were murdered on the Australian mainland. The rest were tried on the Saardam's return to Java for rape, robbery and piracy. Three were sentenced to exile. The others were savagely punished by breaking on the wheel, garroting and branding. Two, under twenty, witnessed the executions and then drew lots to see which would die, with the winner going free.

The mutiny had curious aspects. Jeronimus Cornielisz was a follower of Tormentius van der Beeke, an Amsterdam painter famous for his still-life, who was suspected to have been a leader of the Adamites, a sect which preached the commonality of women and other heresies repugnant to the Calvinist morality of the times. The captain of the ship, Arian Jacobsz, was involved in the plot as well, and the inquiry disclosed that the conspiracy had begun long before the Batavia piled up in the Abrolhos.

Pelsaert had done a tour of duty at the Mogul court in Agra, and had advised the company that fabulous presents to court personalities were a relatively cheap form of advertising. Among the valuables destined for the Mogul court and rescued from the wreck was the Rubens vase, a marvellous cut out from a single agate by a Byzantine craftsman and a great cameo of late Roman origin which inspired a drawing by Rubens, now on display in The Hague.

The wreck of the Batavia was discovered in 1963 by a cray fisherman

named David Johnson, on Morning Reef, in the Abrolhos group. (Skeletons of murdered men were found on nearby islands.) Subsequently the wreck and the islands were explored by an expedition which was largely organized and jointly led by the author of the book under review, Hugh Edwards. Cannon, coins and hundreds of other objects were raised from the wreck. One of the most important results of the expedition, and of Mr. Edwards's other work, is that the Western Australian Museum has been granted title to the area's historical shipwrecks, and the government has provided for a curator of nautical and colonial history who will be expected to coordinate underwater excavations of the six pre-colonial wrecks found so far in Western Australia. This is a step which has not been taken either in Britain, where the law allows individual entrepreneurs to purchase wrecks and exploit them for their personal profit, or in the United States, where the state of Florida, for example, offers its only appointed marine archaeologist to work in the wake of commercial treasure hunting concessions purchased from the state.

Mr. Edwards has attempted to tell the whole story of the Batavia, with partial success. The first half of his book is an account of the wreck and the mutiny, based on Pelsaert's very complete journals. These were first published soon after the wreck in a Dutch paraphrase, *Ongeluckte Voyagie Van't Schip Batavia*. The journals have recently been translated into English by E. D. Drok, and included in Henrietta Drake Brockman's fine historical account of the wreck, *Voyage to Disaster*. Unfortunately Mr. Edwards has tried to combine Pelsaert's original seventeenth-century prose with a breathless "You are there" television style in which descriptions are not improved by the use of capitals to depict action, as in CRASH BUMP RUMBLE GRIND. The result is that Mr. Edwards's description becomes somewhat confusing; his paraphrase is more difficult to read than Drok's translation of the original.

But when Mr. Edwards comes to his own work on the wreck, and the adventures of his team in the Abrolhos Islands, he is always interesting and often exciting. The book, for all its defects, is an essential addition to the literature of the Batavia wreck.

BIRD ISLANDS

FRANKLIN RUSSELL: *The Secret Islands*. 238pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

The Secret Islands is an unusual book about an unusual summer holiday. Mr. Russell enjoys an affliction for which he says Lawrence Durrell has coined a word. He is an islandomaniac, a New Zealander, one who having been born on an island and left it to become a mainland, feels himself drawn back to islands—beautiful or barren, large or small, near or distant. After fifteen years of growing malaise he left New York and drove north to the still primitive fishing communities of eastern Newfoundland, whose coast is studded with islands, most of them no more than small, sparsely covered rocks in a bleak northern sea. There he knew would be birds innumerable; there he would find himself again, among men who made a scant living among islands for which they had the same obsession as his. "I just don't feel right till I got this island underfoot," said one, and another "I wish I was landing on her for the first time".

Men have withdrawn from most of the islands Mr. Russell managed to land on; they are possessed by migrant seabirds and he was there to observe professionally what they did. There is nothing clinical about his observations. In chapter after chapter he records an event in which he, the intruder, was emotionally involved in what was going on. He was lucky to arrive on Hay Island when the elder duck were making their annual run to the sea with their young under attack from the gull patrol. At first he was only a blunderer among a straggling seaward procession. Then he saw the gulls and thrust himself

into what he calls "a mathematical experiment in survival". The equation was simple. Any duckling on land or water who lagged more than five or six inches from his fellows, was killed immediately. The gulls twisted down, beaks agape and paddle feet lowered, struck stone or water, and rebounded buoyantly with their quarry. The ducks were unconcerned at the loss of the ducklings and did not even blink as the gulls came down. A witness was apparently anticipated, an historic fact of the sea-run. Even when gulls struck so close to the family group that their outflung wings swept the air above the ducks' heads, they provoked no threatening move, no quack of fear or rage. The ducks kept leading their broods, erect-necked and watchful, towards the haven of the water.

The islands change and so do the bird species, but always he is there, mostly alone among the massed waters, refreshing himself at the aspect of the blind forces that control them. The climax is at Gull Island, honeycombed with burrows of the petrel. There the night is haunted by two cries, one rising from the waiting nests, one falling from the air as the food gatherers fly in after dusk and are away again before dawn, thus defeating the gulls.

On the mainland it was different. He slipped into easy companionship with the fishermen, tough, prodigiously capable old characters like Uncle Benny, who took him to the islands and told him what life was like there in the old days. Poised on the edge of the twentieth century, they are content to know they will never enter it. Mr. Russell has more tragic news of their children. He found them untouchable, wilder than the sea birds he battled with, often stunted by inbreeding, disease and illiteracy.

Fiction (continued)

AN AMERICAN IN GREENELAND

ISAAC ROSENFELD: *Alpha and Omega*. 279pp. MacGibbon and Kee. 30s.

ROLF SCHNEIDER: *Bridges and Bars*. Translated by Michael Bullock. 189pp. Cape. 25s.

Introduction 3. Stories by New Writers. Rachel Bush, Christopher Watkins, John Wheway. 253pp. Faber and Faber. 25s.

Alpha and Omega collects stories written by the late Isaac Rosenfeld between 1941 and his death in 1956. It is not a very satisfactory collection, but presents an interesting example of the development of a representative American writer in the mid-twentieth century.

The stories from the early 1940s are set in a grimy world of spiritual and emotional failure: an American extension of Greenland. But, lacking Greene's moral concerns, they lack real edge. The failed-writer-turned-janitor is not a figure whose social setting has the significance and interest that might justify an old-style naturalist treatment, and boredom is the only response evoked by the earlier stories in the book, except for "The Colony", an interesting speculation on the probable fate of a quasi-Indian nationalist movement should its Gandhi die before independence seems possible.

Gradually Rosenfeld leaves realism for fable and parable. Failure and loss tend to be central to his vision: the prophets of "The New Egypt" are worshipfully walled up in a great pyramid. "An Experiment with Tropical Fish" shows lightly in a parody of scientific observation that religious authoritarianism is the

only alternative to detached scientific optimism: on the other hand, the parable "The Cyclist" makes claims for the elevating powers of the imagination: "We travel in it as high as we can, and there are vehicles; whatever our art, that takes us there."

The last four stories seem the best in the book, though this may only be because we are not yet far enough from Jewish New York of the 1950s to find these as mannered as their predecessors. But "King Solomon" is well imagined, and "Coney Island Revisited" nicely Gothicizes nostalgia for urban adolescent sexuality.

The seven stories in *Bridges and Bars* each pluck at an exposed nerve of German and European intellectual life. Anti-Semitism, organization man, final war, fashion-changes, the fantasy action lives of exiled intellectuals, and love poisoned by political suspicion: these subjects are adroitly handled by Rolf Schneider for effects which are now tragic, now wryly humorous, but always humane and disturbing.

Herr Schneider's skill in tripping up the reader is perhaps best instanced in "Metamorphoses", whose opening invites an angry rejection of so direct a plagiarism from Kafka (with whom the blurb misleadingly com-

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

MARY LAVIN: *In the Middle of the Fields*. 215pp. Constable. 25s.

GEORGE MACKAY BROWN: *A Calendar of Love*. 156pp. Hogarth Press. 18s.

CARADOC EVANS: *My People*. 155pp. Dennis Dobson. 18s.

D. E. CHARLWOOD: *An Afternoon of Time*. 174pp. Angus and Robertson. 18s.

Mary Lavin's new volume of short stories is the product of a mature and skilled writer. Her rural Ireland is neither folksy nor quaint; simply, it is a background which she accords due respect.

Miss Lavin might well be cited as proof that there is such a thing as an "essentially feminine writer". Men in her stories may be respected, adored, mothered, despised, hated; but neither the heroines nor the narrative voice ever see them as simple equals. There is always something a little bit aloof, a little remote and mysterious about men in Miss Lavin's eyes, whether they be employers, lovers, or casual acquaintances making unexpected passes. The style is limpid and unburied, the whole effect quietly impressive.

George Mackay Brown's first volume of stories is a far more conventional piece of twentieth-century Celtic writing. He plays up the Orkneys as a strange and remote

AUSTRALIAN PRIMITIVES

JAMES HACKSTON: *Father Clears Out*. 208pp. Angus and Robertson. 22s. 6d.

Henry Lawson's Best Stories. Chosen by Cecil Mann. 273pp. Angus and Robertson. 37s. 6d.

COLIN RODERICK: *Henry Lawson*. Poet and Short Story Writer. 70pp. Angus and Robertson.

The Australian James Hackston is in his late seventies. He has had three careers: as a young man he was a cartoonist and book-illustrator, his best-known work being the designs he provided for C. J. Dennis's *Sentimental Bloke*; twenty years later he began to write short stories for the Sydney weekly, *The Bulletin*; later still he turned out a huge amount of light verse, also for *The Bulletin*.

In his preface to this collection of James Hackston's stories, the Australian poet and editor Douglas Stewart appears to take him seriously as a major talent. But, in fairness, the prospective reader should be warned that unless he has a really close interest in Australia, he will find these tales rather poor stuff. Although Australian writing has well and truly come of age, there still exists a substratum of journalism which, because its subject-matter is the fast disappearing outback, tends to sympathize with those local critics and in Australia they are many—who demand of Australian literature that it be Australian rather than literature.

James Hackston's coy little yarns were nearly tailored for the popular weekly in which they were first published; but to read them as a collection, even to read more than one at a sitting, is to realize the paucity of the material.

Henry Lawson's Best Stories have been chosen by Cecil Mann, and well-chosen in that the best of Lawson really is to be found here (though there is much too which is mediocre). Even in the best, however, Lawson's vein of sentimental quaintness makes rather sickly reading nowadays. It is a pity that Australian criticism has chosen to select Lawson as the turn-of-the-century writer to be most admired. His characters were second-hand and their feelings were second-rate. And his actual writing is dismal. Lawson at his best was a small-scale entertainer; as a literary artist he hardly begins to exist.

An entirely different viewpoint is proffered by Colin Roderick's slim volume, which is based on lectures given by the author at Queensland University. In addition to proving, by its very existence, that Lawson is still academically respectable in Australia, Mr. Roderick's book stolidly champions his cause, even attempting to make out a case for the verse which the majority of professional critics find it tactful to

delivered in hellish narrative and literally Welsh dialogue, exploit it with barely a pretence of Chupel-going. Wales chose to decide in 1915 that a sour smile is the proper one one can envisage during made.

An Afternoon in Time is more straightforward. D. E. Charlwood's book, the wood's attitude to his own community is a far more reliable guide than most popular histories of the subject. The excellent annotated reproductions, which range from a thirteenth-century chip carved chest to William Burgess's squatters are interestingly painted pieces of unimpeachable presented over-insistently authenticity and therefore provide a last sight of World War II in the last story of the book.

It is difficult to imagine any impinging on the world of the other three writers.

NEWMAN, THOMAS R. *Was at Art*. 318pp. Thomas Yoseloff. Distributed by W. H. Allen. 25s.

Like 1 lb. beeswax, 1 lb. lard, 1 pint of unseed oil, and 2 lb. of flour—this is not Beauchamp's version of a Mrs. Beeton recipe, but the author's proved formula for wax-piece moulds. Miss Newman (Director of Arts, Union Township Schools, New Jersey) has—we are assured—worked in most art forms known to mankind, and her survey of the wax certainly shows a sound knowledge of the techniques involved in its use hot or cold, whether for paintings, as a resist in print-making and batik work, or as an adhesive for stained-glass windows and mosaics. The many and unbacked-up illustrations range from the wax wall-paintings of Heracleum to the work of the most modern of model-

CRIMINUSCULI

DOLAN BURKLEY: *The Wax Wall*. 190pp. Robert Hale. 19s.

A not quite usual little book, a couple of California writers, more or less solved by the wax wall, ex-alcoholic writer, in a development where no one is perfect and no one is happy.

ELLIOTT WEST: *The Wax Wall*. 21s.

Seedy, of course, as a wax wall story is nowadays, but it opens better than the typical opening in immediately more in light might suggest. D. E. Charlwood's book, the wood's attitude to his own community is a far more reliable guide than most popular histories of the subject. The excellent annotated reproductions, which range from a thirteenth-century chip carved chest to William Burgess's squatters are interestingly painted pieces of unimpeachable presented over-insistently authenticity and therefore provide a last sight of World War II in the last story of the book.

Aeronautics
GIBBS-SMITH, C. H. *Aeronautics*. 1. Early Flying up to the Reims Meeting. 21pp. 20 plates. I.M.S.O. 5s. There is as much about balloons and airships as about heavier-than-air craft in this Science Museum booklet, but the account goes right back to the true beginnings and summarizes accurately the vital period of development up to 1909. The coloured plates make it an attractive production.

Agriculture
PHILLIPS, JOHN. *The Development of Agriculture and Forestry in the Tropics*. 221pp. Faber and Faber. 22s. 10s.

Professor Phillips has now produced a revised edition of his five-year-old study of tropical agriculture and forestry, based largely on a lifetime of experience in several parts of the world. For development on the "Will Flow On", a symposium on the economic side he sees the essential of the tropical community development and Civil War, is perhaps the best credit. On the physical side the concept of a biotic community is vital in the tropics more than anywhere else, since conditions there are still relatively natural.

Arts and Crafts
A Short History of English Furniture. 100 plates plus 32 pages. I.M.S.O. 10s. 6d. for the Victoria and Albert Museum. 25s.

By making chattels acceptable in lieu of death duties, successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have given the collections of English decorative arts, and especially furniture, at the Victoria and Albert Museum a preeminence which they certainly did not hold thirty years ago. This has brought Ham House and its contents (the most important assemblage of English furniture in the world), Osterley Park, the Claude Room bequest and numerous lesser benefactions to the Department of Woodwork. Compared with this private munificence and direct purchases have counted for little.

As though to celebrate the attainment of this ascendancy, the Museum has issued a handy *History of English Furniture* illustrated with 100 plates selected from its own collections. Although the need for brevity (the introduction is only eighteen pages long) inevitably leads to occasional distortions of perspective, the book can be recommended as a far more reliable guide than most popular histories of the subject. The excellent annotated reproductions, which range from a thirteenth-century chip carved chest to William Burgess's squatters are interestingly painted pieces of unimpeachable presented over-insistently authenticity and therefore provide a last sight of World War II in the last story of the book.

Drama
DYER, CHARLES. *Shakespeare*. 89pp. HASTINGS, MICHAEL. *Lee Harvey Oswald*. 112pp. PINSER, DAVID. *Funchorn*. 89pp. Penguin. 4s. 6d. each.

An attractively designed new series accommodating newly produced and untried work, Charles Dyer's homely comedy and Michael Hastings's documentary of the Kennedy assassination have been seen recently in the repertoire of the Aldwych Theatre and the Hampstead Theatre Club (both are published with illuminating comments by the playwrights). *Funchorn*, cryptically described as a "purple comedy", is a bawdy modern variation on the Pirandellian theme of the human need for illusion. The author, now in his middle twenties, is worth watching.

EUROPEAN. *Itelen*. Edited with Introduction by A. M. Dale. 179pp. Clarendon Press/Oxford University Press. 28s.

The latest addition to the "Oxford Euripides" series will be of great value to anyone who wishes to study this exciting, witty and semi-comic "tragedy". The commentary is aimed mainly at undergraduate level, and on all points of metrical intricacy Miss Dale writes with a special authority.

History
CANON, MICHAEL. *The Land*. 247pp. Melbourne University Press/London: Cambridge University Press. 15s.

There was an almost incredible boom in land values in the colony of Victoria in the 1860s. When the cash value of the land was high, every landowner was in liquidation, frightened depositors sought to withdraw their money, and English and Scottish investors, too far away to know which companies were sound and which fraudulent, began to regard all Australian investments as "unwise". For the suddenly fallen mighty, "suicide became a commonplace solution" for the thousands of small men caught up in the wake of the disaster, acute hardships and unemployment followed. The lesson

is still a certain amount of *parti pris* in writings about Berlioz, as though he had only just been discovered, but Mr. Elliott's rare combination of sympathy with judgment is sufficient justification for the continued currency of his excellent book.

LINDSAY, I. MORRIS. *Sailor in Steam*. 147pp. Angus and Robertson. 25s.

Mr. Lindsay, a Scot now living in Australia, writes of his career at sea, travelling mainly between India, the Far East and Australia. It is a simple, undramatic tale, but told pleasantly and with a slightly old-fashioned charm.

SPENCER, MARGARET. *Doctor's Wife in Rabaul*. 191pp. Robert Hale. 21s.

With *Doctor's Wife in New Guinea* and *Doctor's Wife in Papua* behind her Mrs. Spencer continues her saga of life in the territory. She writes knowledgeably about the people and their customs, about malaria control and much else. She can catch the atmosphere inside an aeroplane and the terror that comes with the sudden eruption of a mob.

Botany
BOOM, B. K. and KIRBY, H. *The Glory of the Tree*. Illustrated by G. D. Seamenburg de Neve. 128pp. Harlap. 4s. 4d.

A description of trees in their natural surroundings, from the Old World and the New, Asia and the Middle East. Their history and usage is combined with an account of related folk-lore and legends, a list of trees occurring on postage stamps and a bibliography. The book is superbly illustrated with almost 200 colour photographs and many line drawings. It is unfortunate that though the plates are numbered the relevant rubric is concealed in the text where the numbers are not necessarily in sequence.

ROSS-CRAIG, STELLA. *Drawings of British Plants*. Vol. XXIII. 38 plates. G. Bell. 12s. 6d.

This volume, which maintains the high quality of the series, is of special interest in that it completes the Scrophulariaceae and contains drawings of parasites, saprophytes and insectivorous plants.

Law
COURTIS, J. A. (Editor). *The Accused*. A Comparative Study. 282pp. Stevens. 43s.

This is really a collection of written reports submitted at colloquium at Birmingham University organized by the U.K. National Committee of Comparative Law in September, 1964, on "The protection of the public interest and the interest of the accused in the criminal process". Its value as a juxtaposition of the widely differing provisions of law in numerous countries, which include Poland, Israel, South Africa and the U.S.S.R. as well as some of the former British and French dependencies, is obvious though it might have been greater had it been possible to get all the contributors to address themselves to the same questions and on the same, not purely expository, level. The dozen or more distinguished foreigners represented are nowhere identified by function or position in their respective countries; no serious attempt is made to bring their terminology into line and there is no account of the discussion.

Naturalists
LINCOLN, HOWARD. *Beginner's Guide to Coin Collecting*. 159pp. Pelham Books. 10s.

RAYNER, P. A. *Coin Collecting for Amateurs*. 110pp. Muller. 16s.

AMMELL, MARGARET. *A Start to Coin Collecting*. 78pp. W. Foulsham. 16s.

Mr. Lincolne gives a brief account of the development of coinage through the ages, together with some detail of the British coinage; but the bulk of his book, and the most useful part, deals with more practical aspects of coin collecting. He deals with how to choose a collection, methods of acquiring coins, where to see coins, and the literature on coins, in short the kind of useful information which collectors previously have gained only after many years of experience, often dearly bought.

Mr. Rayner has little to say about coins in general but presents a useful, straightforward outline of the British coinage. Collectors interested only in the more modern machine produced coinage from Charles II

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

that henceforth rugged individualism must be regulated in the interests of society as a whole was gradually accepted and implemented by even the most conservative of politicians. Mr. Cannon gives us a vivid and exciting account of the causes and effects of the crash, with sparkling stories of the bad times and a harrowing description of the effects of the depression on its victims.

Religion
D'ARCY, PAUL F. and KENNEDY, EUGENE. *The Genius of the Apostolate*. With a Foreword by Bishop O'Donnell. 273pp. Chapman. 35s.

This book by two highly experienced teachers in a Roman Catholic Seminary is a clear, humane and enlightening discussion of the problems involved in the recruitment and training of the young priest. As such with its humour and good sense it will be welcomed by others engaged in similar work. But it has also a wider place in the discussion which has followed Vatican II of the particular problems of the clergy in the aggiornamento. The authors are very much aware of the current criticism of Rome's traditional authoritarianism which has an immediate effect upon the clergy that it can welcome freedom without losing its essential ethos. Or rather, there is the criticism of clericalism which appeared more than once at the council, and is obviously a matter of considerable concern among the clergy. Can this difficult problem be resolved and a place found for the very large number of "spoiled priests"? The authors do not attempt to solve either problem, but there is a breath of fresh air in their writing.

SHEPHERD, C. W. *Everyone's St. Paul's*. 126pp. Warner. 25s.

Mr. Shepherd is more interested in the people than the building of St. Paul's. He starts with a brief life of the apostle. He ends with the activities of the Friends of St. Paul. He is fascinated by the versatility of Wren. Mr. Shepherd clearly enjoyed writing this exuberant book, but he is rather reckless in his language. What does he mean by saying that the congregation "filters" into its seats? And when he speaks of the grace and charm of the new pulpit, why does he say that it "exudes" them? There are thirty-two excellent illustrations.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES
SANDISON, A. C. *To Sea in Carpet Slippers*. 208pp. Adlard Coles. 35s.

Mr. Sandison specializes as a sea cook; hence the title of the book. Otherwise he fits the popular image of the ocean racing enthusiast—hearty, gregarious and unbuttoned. A race seems merely the excuse for a party, and that is about all there is to it.

Mr. Smith, by profession an artist and designer, has an altogether more appealing approach. Though occasionally guilty of verbal horse-play, he brings to his accounts of two Atlantic crossings—one a cruise, the other a race—a sense of humour, a liveliness and a breadth of interest that seldom fail to entertain.

TURNER, ERIC HORSTALL. *Angler's Cavalcade*. 131pp. A. and C. Black. 22s.

Mr. Horstall Turner, who is known as an experienced angler, a casting expert, and a writer on his obviously favourite pastime of fishing, has produced a nice mixture of the practical and the romantic. He describes himself as "an angling square", and many readers will agree with his attempt to get away from the modern how-to-catch-fish type of book which seems to flow from the presses endlessly. Norwegian and Irish traditions occur in this wide-ranging, well-written and well-illustrated volume.

Travel and Topography
GROSVENOR, MELVILLE B. (Editor). *The England*. 400pp. National Geographic Society (1). Stanhope Gate, London, W.1. £4.5s. 4d.

American visitors to England have made this collection of colour photographs of the English scene, and the volume is obviously intended first for other American visitors it would be a pity if it were seen only by tourists. Both technically and artistically these are distinguished examples of photography used with vision and imagination. In

London and through the provinces scenes have been caught which illustrate history and the life of the present. Alongside them are a series of informal travel sketches in which the writers give their own impressions of a chosen region. Mr. Grosvenor, who edits the volume, for instance describes his explorations of Cotswold byways, while the director of the Folger Library discovers in Stratford disgraced inhabitants who have heard too much of Shakespeare and would "rather get a nice programme on the telly". The book is not on sale generally and is obtainable only from the above address.

HOGARTH, PAUL, and MUGGERIDGE, MICHAEL. *London a la Mode*. 145pp. Studio Vista. 36s.

The jacket carries the names of Paul Hogarth and Malcolm Muggeridge (with exclamation marks) as co-producers. Only sixteen of its pages have been invaded by what is described as "Mr. Muggeridge's accomplished prose". His brief essays, titled "Morning, Noon, Evening and Night", are in his most entertaining manner of reminiscence and it is to be regretted if their brevity is due to the market demand on the author's time.

Mr. Hogarth claims that he sees London as a complex jumble of nine million souls bent on the good things of life, but his 150 drawings provide little evidence that they travel hopefully.

REID, HELEN EVANS. *A World Away*. 160pp. Angus and Robertson. 30s.

A Canadian expedition visited Easter Island in connexion with the International Biological Year. The visit brought to a head some political unrest there. Dr. Reid, who was a member of the expedition, writes about its work and about the attendant incidents. She describes the people, including the leading personalities, and altogether provides an agreeable account of life in a little-known place.

SCAFFE, NORMAN. *Stiffolk*. 124pp. Harrod. WILHELMINE, and LINNET, C. L. S. *Norfolk*. 88pp. Faber and Faber. 18s. each.

Both are new editions of the *Shell Guides to East Anglia*, where, as elsewhere, life in town and country is fast changing. Lady Harrod, revising the *Norfolk* book, has to record the loss of landmarks and ancient buildings since 1957, and Mr. Scaffe in a new preface to the one on Suffolk writes of the struggle to preserve the county's character in face of a spreading suburbia.

SMEETON, MILES. *Surf to Windward*. 200pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £2.2s.

Brigadier Smeeton is one of the most distinguished of the small band of globe-trotting yachtsmen, loved and admired by every deck-bound sailor. Invariably restless and curious, undeterred by occasional hair-raising experiences, he wanders serenely from port to port and from ocean to ocean. Here he describes a long and devious voyage from England to Japan with the true travel writer's feeling for what will interest and amuse his reader. Free of hectorics and tedious technicalities, this is a warm, broad, beautifully written book with a powerful appeal to the escapist in each of us.

WINE AND FOOD
The Greedy Book. Compiled by Brian Hill. Illustrated by Peter Forster. 299pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. £2.10s.

Mr. Hill's ingeniously selected and varied anthology consists of more than 300 extracts on the subject of eating, culled from novels, memoirs, diaries and papyrus. Many of them derive from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England, when meals were prodigious, and as the title of the book suggests, the accent was on glutting. However, there is a section on "Short Cunnings" and another on "Atrocious Meals". Ten is strongly represented, strong liquor less so. Although the entertainment provided is excellent, this is a book to be sipped rather than consumed in quantity, for the cumulative effect of reading about other people's excessive or eccentric meals is likely to produce indigestion if not nausea. One serious blemish is the omission of the sources of each piece. It is tantalizingly insufficient to be given the name of the author without the title of his book or of the original reference.

